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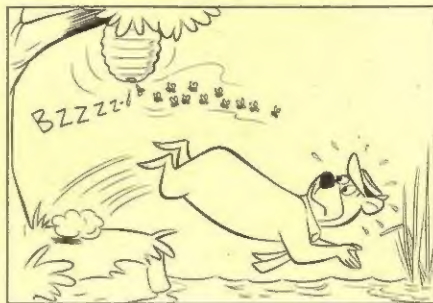
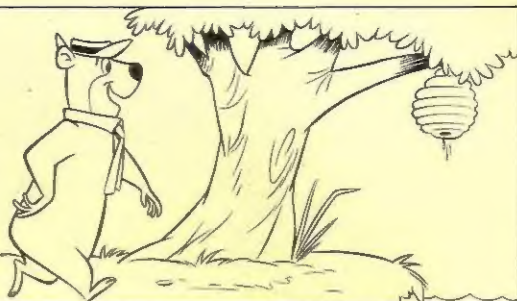
Hanna-Barbera

# YOGI BEAR



Hanna-Barbera  
**YOGI BEAR**

**UNDERWATER WIZARD**





Hanna-Barbera  
**Yogi Bear**

# SIGNING OFF

DO NOT  
FEED  
BEARS

CHEEE! ALL THESE SIGNS  
ARE BEGINNING TO GIVE ME  
A PAIN IN THE BRAIN,  
BRUIN BUDDY!

I KNOW WHAT  
YOU MEAN, YOGI!  
I DON'T LIKE  
THEM, EITHER!

NO  
LITTERING

NO FEEDING  
OF  
ANIMALS

IF THEY PUT UP ANY MORE OF  
THESE, PEOPLE MIGHT START  
READING THEM! THEN WE'D  
HAVE TO... (SHUDDER!)...  
WORK FOR OUR GRUB, BUS!

NO FEEDING  
OF  
BEARS

IT'S OUR BITTY BUDDY,  
BUDDY BIRD! WHAT'S  
THE WORD, BIRD?

HI, GUYS! I  
HEARD YOU  
TALKING, AND  
I AGREE  
WITH YOU!

EVER SINCE THEY PUT UP  
THOSE SIGNS, I'VE HAD A  
HARD TIME FINDING BITS  
OF STRING, AND OTHER  
STUFF. TOURISTS USUALLY  
TOSS AWAY TO FEATHER MY  
NEST!

NO  
LITTERING

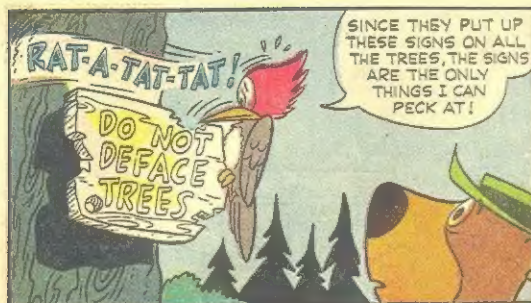
YOU THINK THAT'S  
BAD! WHAT  
ABOUT ME?

WHAT'S  
YOUR COMPLAINT,  
WOODROW?

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THREE  
SHAKES  
LATER...

HOW'D  
IT GO,  
YOGI?

YEAH!  
WHAT  
DID HE  
SAY?

I'LL GIVE YOU  
A DIRECT  
QUOTATION -

"HEARTY  
HAR, HAR!"

HE WOULDN'T  
SIGN, HUH?

WE'VE  
GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING!  
WE'VE  
GOT TO  
STAND UP  
FOR OUR  
RIGHTS!

HEY-HEY-HEY!  
THAT GIVES ME  
A PEACHY KEEN  
IDEA! WE WON'T  
STAND UP FOR  
OUR RIGHTS,  
WE'LL *SIT*  
*DOWN*  
FOR THEM!

HUH?

THAT'S RIGHT! A SIT-DOWN  
STRIKE! WE DON'T GET UP  
AND ENTERTAIN THE  
TOURISTS UNTIL THE  
RANGER TAKES DOWN  
THE SIGNS!

GOOD  
IDEA!

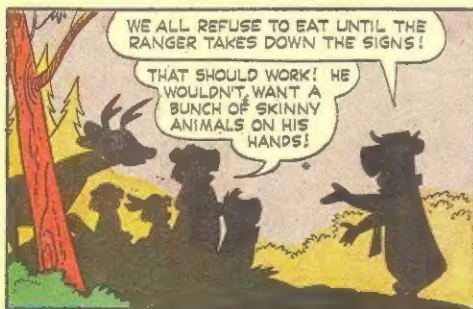
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, YOGI?  
I TOLD YOU TO SCRAM AND  
TAKE THE OTHERS WITH YOU!

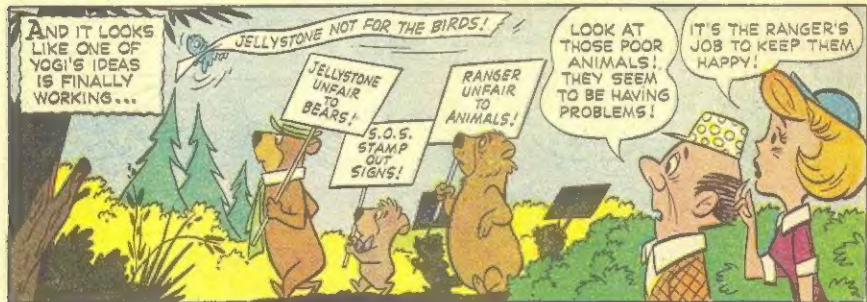
WE'RE SITTING RIGHT  
HERE UNTIL WE GET  
OUR WAY!

HEH, HEH! I HAVE  
A FEELING YOUR  
SIT-DOWN STRIKE  
ISN'T GOING TO  
LAST VERY LONG!

WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN?









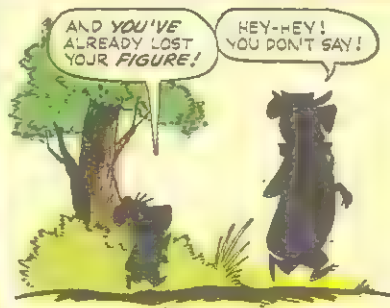
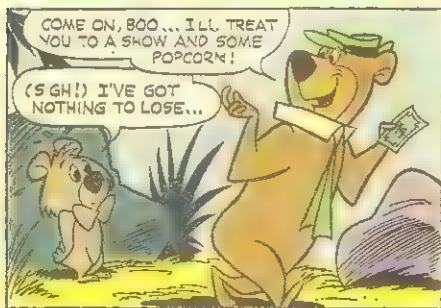
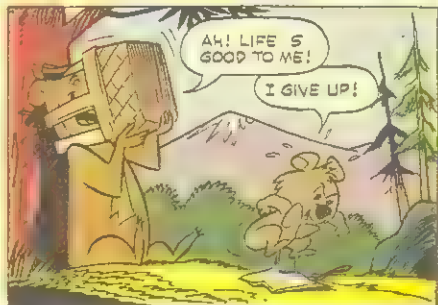
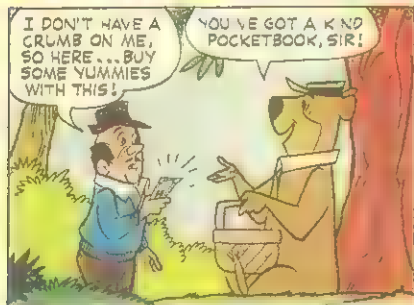
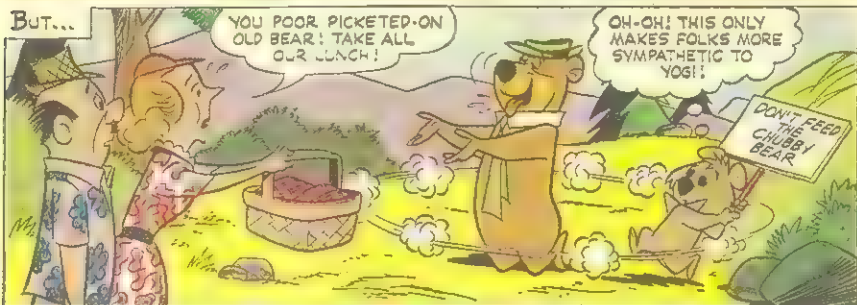
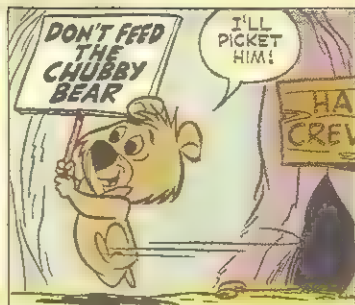
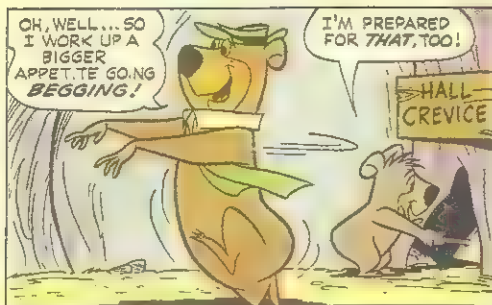


Hanna-Barbera **Yogi Bear**

# The BOOGEY WOOGHEY BLUES







BUT NO SOONER ARE OUR FUZZY FRIENDS SEATED WHEN...

ER...HOW COME YOU'RE NOT SHOVELING DOWN YOUR POPCORN, YOGI?

LOOK WHO'S ON THE SCREEN.

IT'S BORIS BADLOT, LADON'S MOST FIERDISH BOOGYMAN!

YOU CAN EAT MY POPCORN, BOO BOO... I'M JUST NOT HUNGRY NOW!

ER...THANKS, BIG BUDDY BEAR!

WELL, I'LL BE SKINNED! BORIS BADLOT TAKES AWAY YOGI'S APPETITE!

So...

SEE YOU LATER AT JELLYSTONE, YOGI! I'VE GOTTA SEE A MAN ABOUT A PLAN!

TOODLE-LOO, BOO BOO!

HEH! I'VE GOT A FEELING BORIS BADLOT WILL GO FOR MY PLAN, IF I SPRING IT RIGHT!

I ACTUALLY SCARE A BIG OLD BEAR?

YES, SIR! BET'CHA DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THAT GOOD!

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE...

THEN WHY NOT SEE FOR YOURSELF? TAKE A CAMPING VACATION AT JELLYSTONE PARK!



AND SHORTLY...

IF I ENJOY MYSELF, I MAY  
STAY A WHOLE MONTH!

YAY! YOGI WILL BE  
THIN AS A RAIL BY  
THEN!

AND MAYBE I'LL  
BE ABLE TO HELP  
HIM STAY TRIM  
AFTERWARDS!

ER...  
THAT'S HIM  
BEGGING  
AHEAD, SIR!  
STOP AND  
GIVE HIM A  
LEER  
INSTEAD OF  
LUNCH!

MY PLEASURE.

GIVE!

EE-YAH-HA-HA-HA!

HE DIDN'T RUN! HE DIDN'T FAINT!  
HE DIDN'T EVEN TURN PALE OR  
TREMBLE!

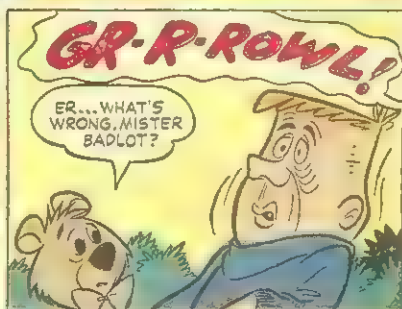
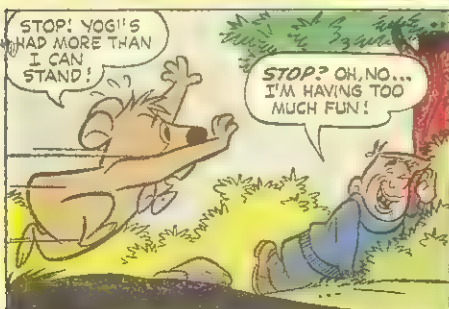
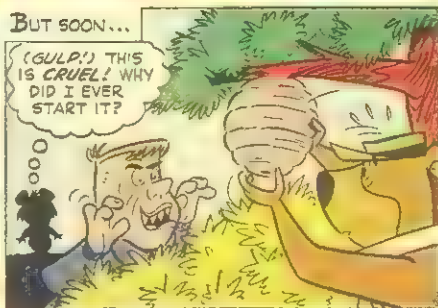
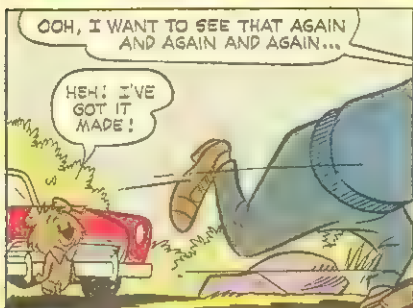
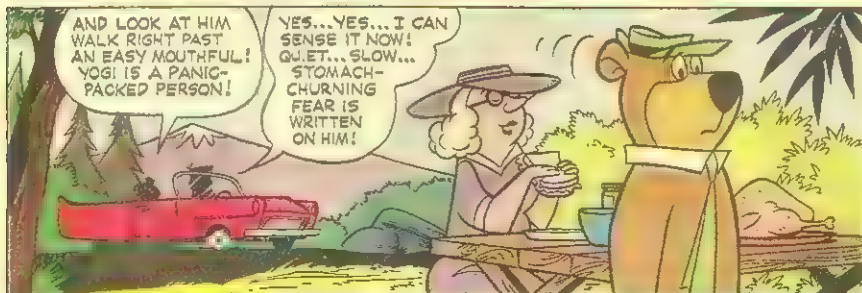
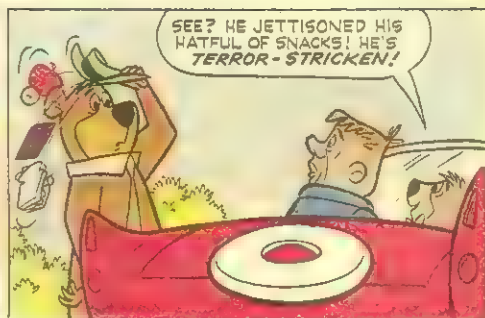
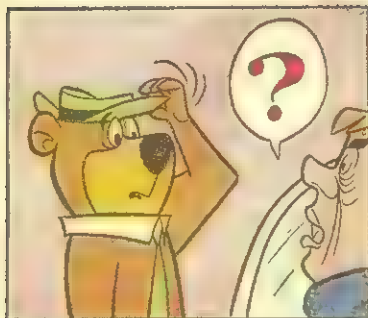
THOSE ARE MERELY  
THOSE SUPER-CAL  
SYMPTOMS, SIR...

BUT HE *DID*  
DROP HIS  
BANANA!

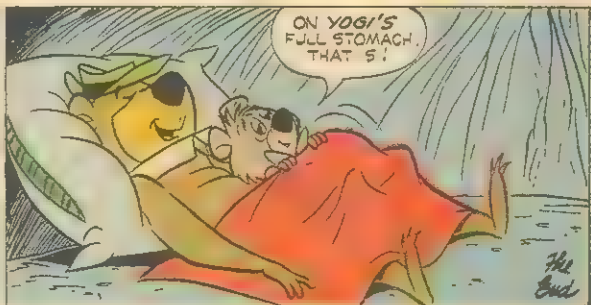
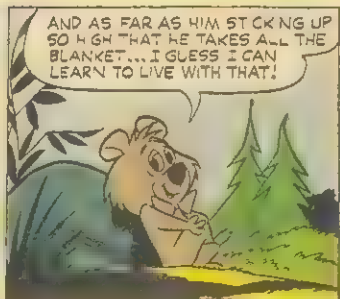
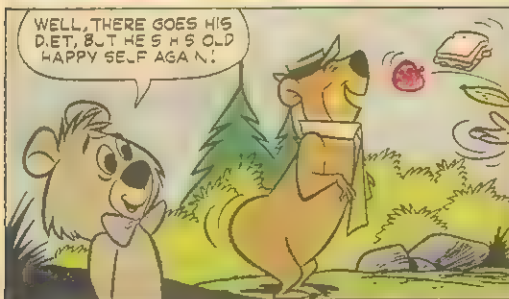
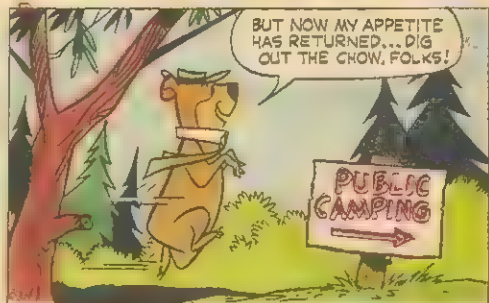
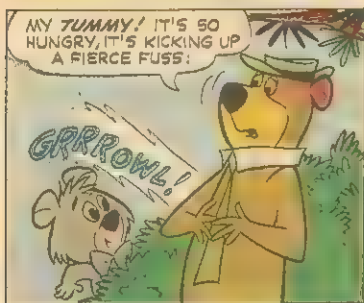
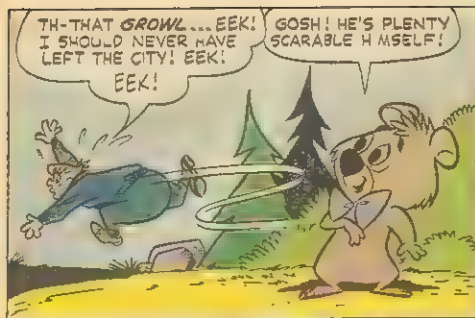
TRY IT AGAIN.

INDEED I WILL!

EE-YAH-HA-HA-HA-HA!!



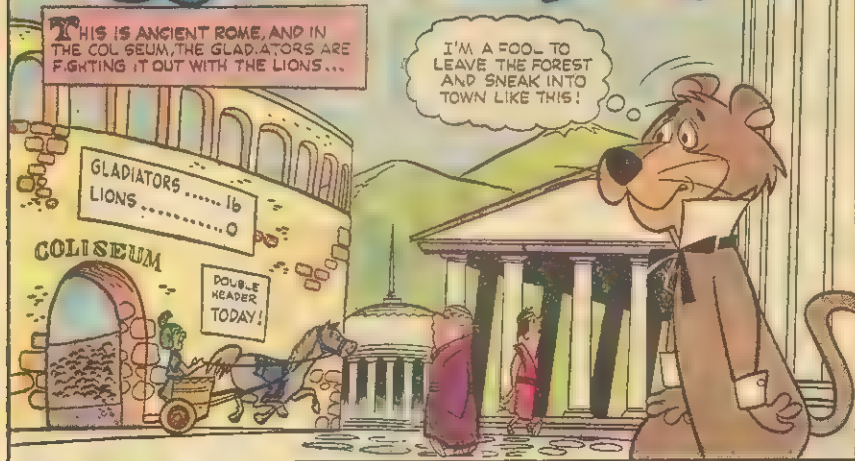




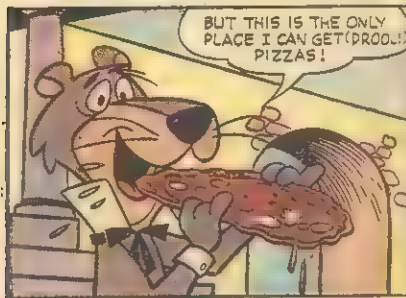
# GOOD DEED DAY

THIS IS ANCIENT ROME, AND IN THE COLISEUM, THE GLADIATORS ARE FIGHTING IT OUT WITH THE LIONS...

I'M A FOOL TO LEAVE THE FOREST AND SNEAK INTO TOWN LIKE THIS!



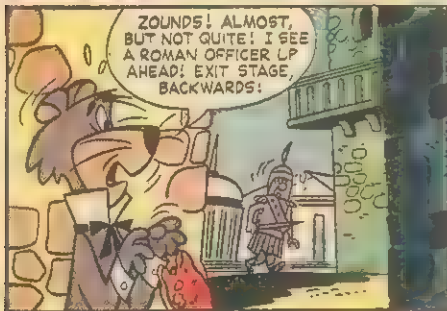
BUT THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE I CAN GET (PROO...) PIZZAS!



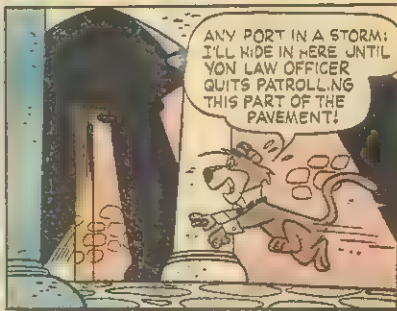
(MUNCH! MUNCH!) EGAD, THOUGH! THE TASTE IS ALMOST WORTH THE RISK OF BEING CAUGHT AND FORCED TO FIGHT IN THE COLISEUM!



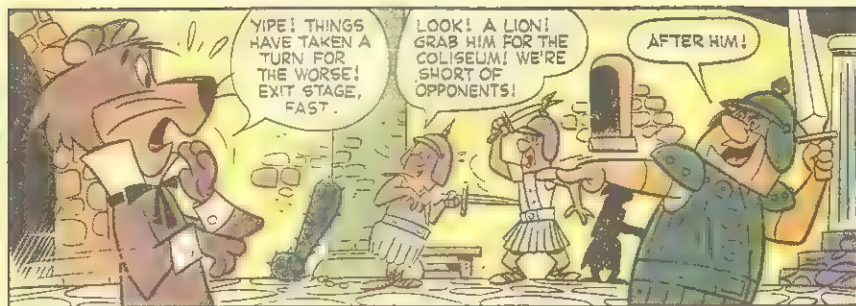
ZOUNDS! ALMOST, BUT NOT QUITE! I SEE A ROMAN OFFICER UP AHEAD! EXIT STAGE, BACKWARDS!



ANY PORT IN A STORM, I'LL HIDE IN HERE UNTIL YON LAW OFFICER QUITS PATROLLING THIS PART OF THE PAVEMENT!



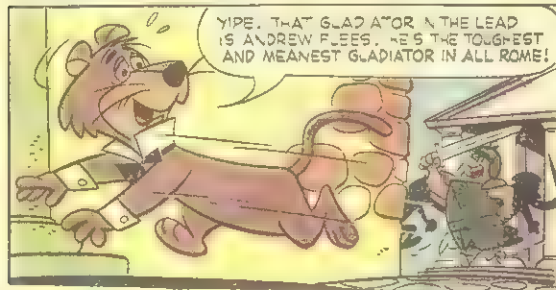




YIPE! THINGS HAVE TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE! EXIT STAGE, FAST.

LOOK! A LION! GRAB HIM FOR THE COLISEUM! WE'RE SHORT OF OPPONENTS!

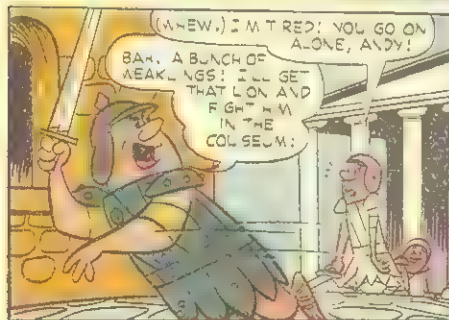
AFTER HIM!



YIPE. THAT GLAD A'OR N THE LEAD IS ANDREW FLEES. HE'S THE TOUGHEST AND MEANEST GLADIATOR IN ALL ROME!

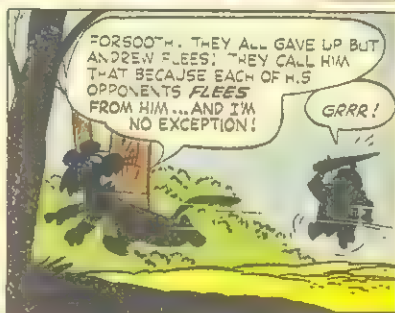


IF I CAN MAKE IT TO THE WOODS, I'LL BE ABLE TO HIDE. I MAY BE A COWARD, BUT THAT MAKES ME A PRETTY FAST RUNNER!



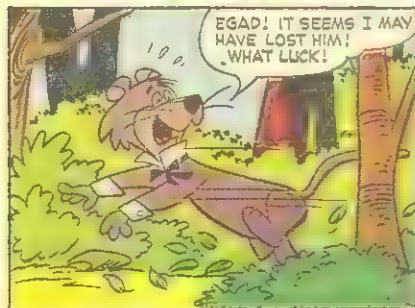
(AHEW!) I'M TRED! YOU GO ON A-ONE, AIDY!

BAH. A BUNCH OF WEAKINGS! I'LL GET THAT LION AND FIGHT HIM IN THE COLISEUM!

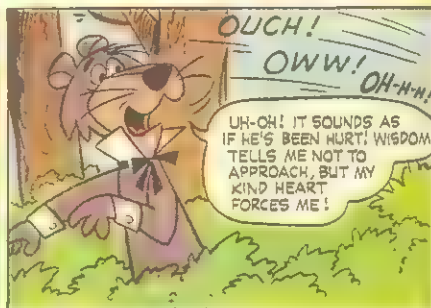


FORSOOTH. THEY ALL GAVE UP BUT ANDREW FLEES! THEY CALL HIM THAT BECAUSE EACH OF HIS OPPONENTS FLEES FROM HIM...AND I'M NO EXCEPTION!

GRRR!



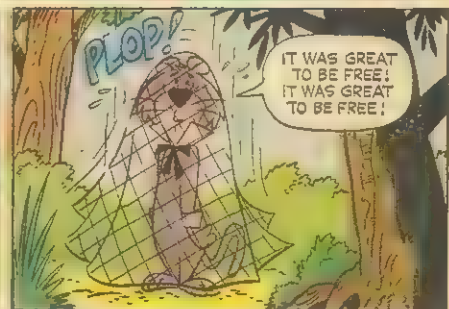
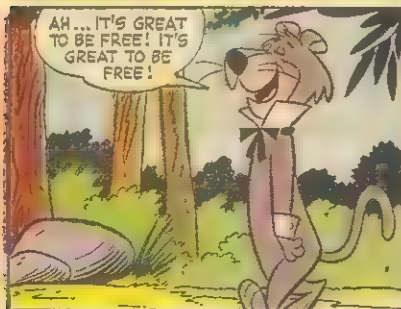
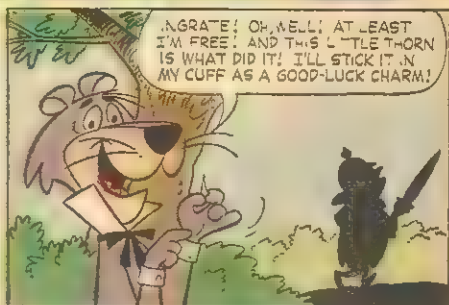
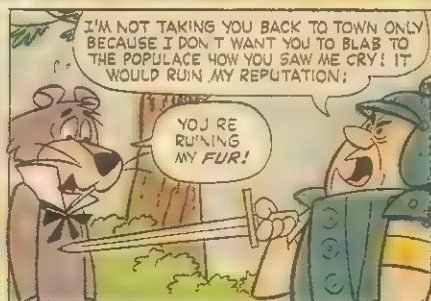
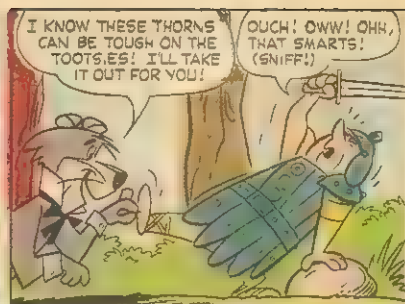
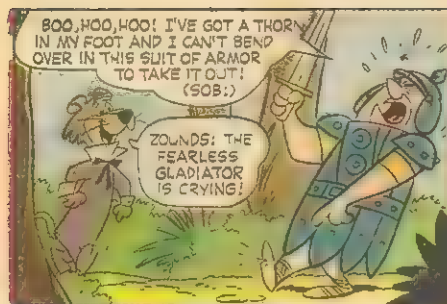
EGAD! IT SEEMS I MAY HAVE LOST HIM! WHAT LUCK!



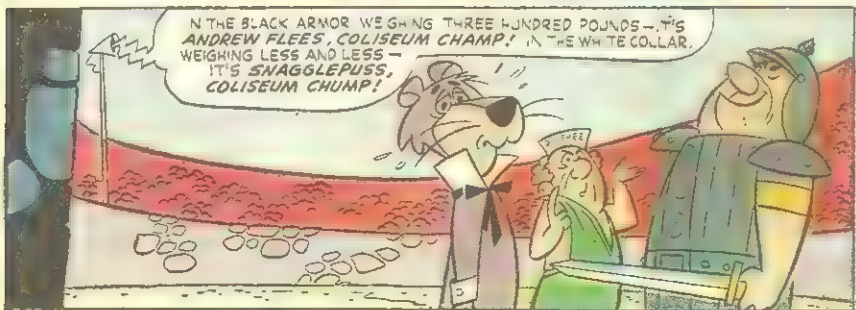
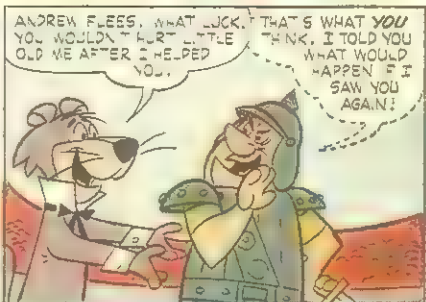
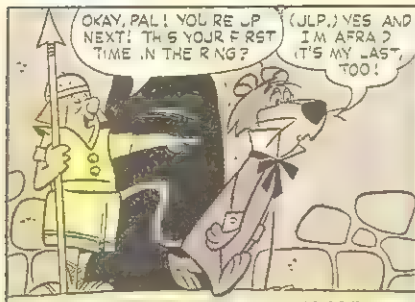
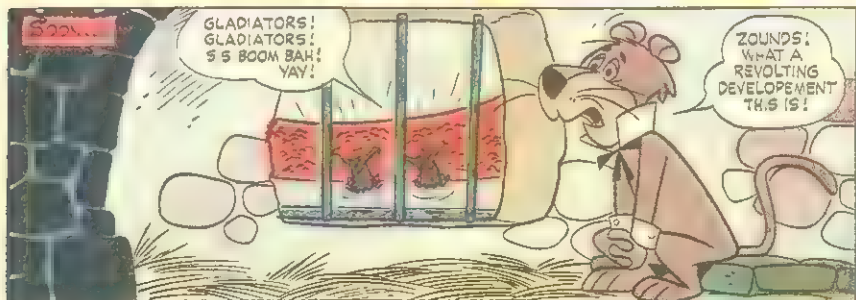
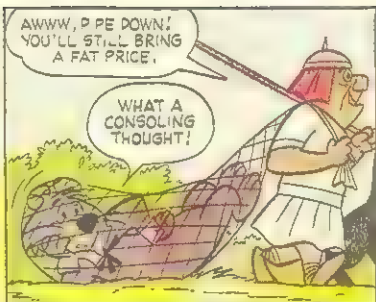
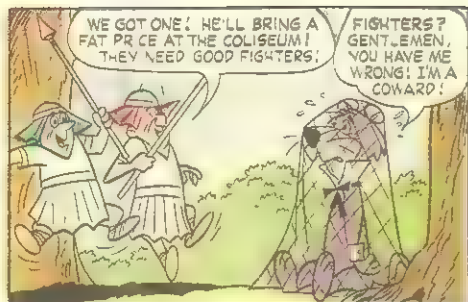
OUCH!

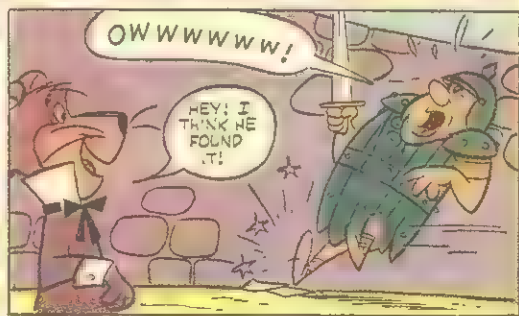
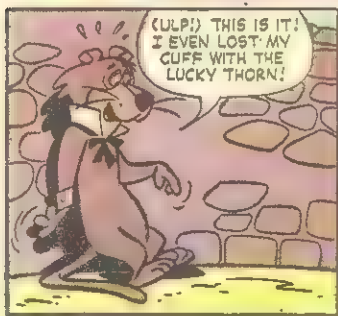
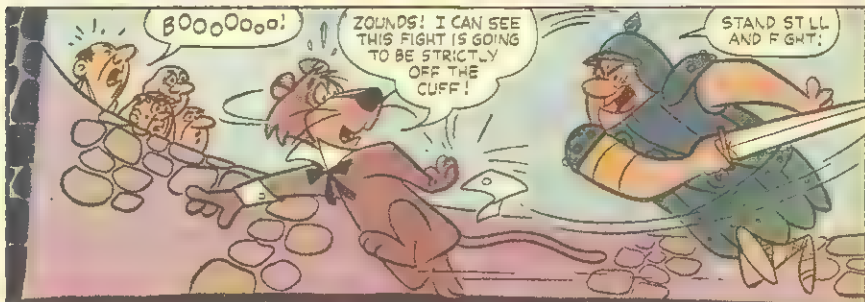
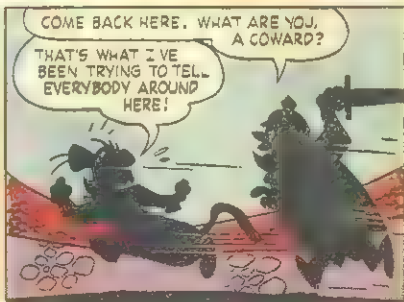
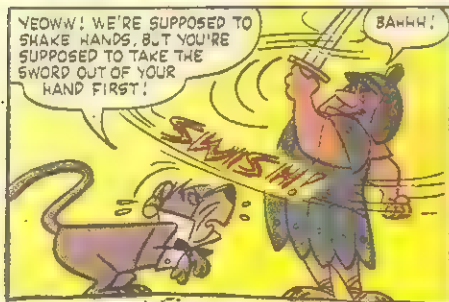
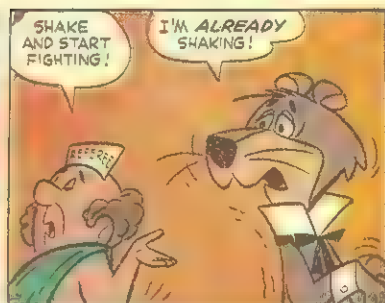
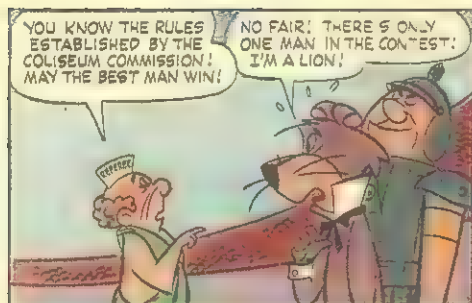
OWW! OH-H-H!

UH-OH! IT SOUNDS AS IF HE'S BEEN HURT! WISDOM TELLS ME NOT TO APPROACH, BUT MY KIND HEART FORCES ME!

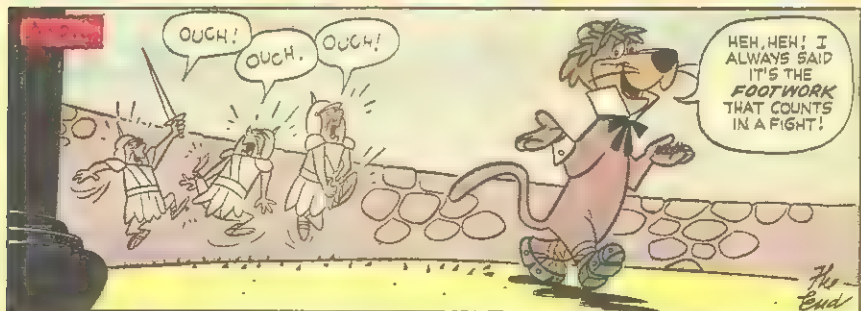
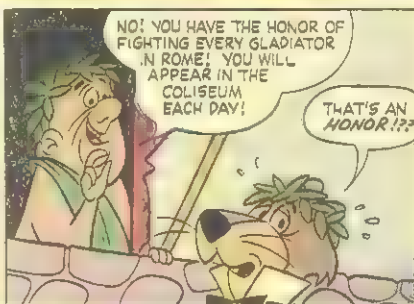
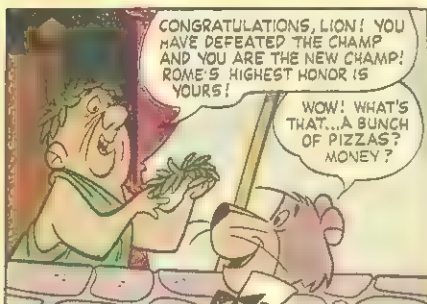
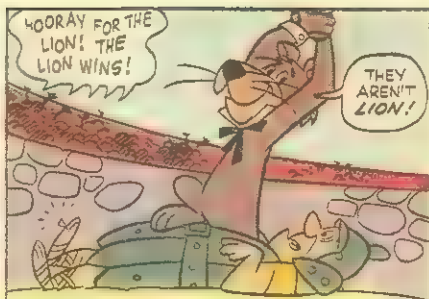
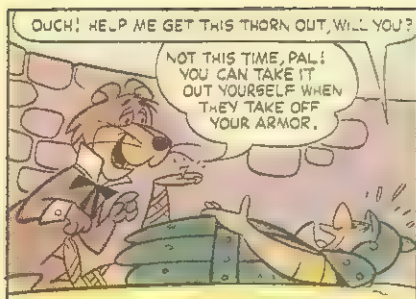


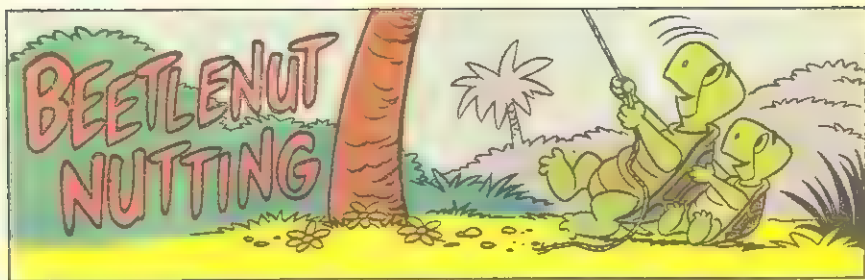












T. Tankhead Turtle and his friend, Teeny Turtle, were taking their afternoon stroll, when they paused to rest under a very tall beetle-nut tree.

"Gee, Tank," exclaimed Teeny. "Look at all those beetle-nuts up in the top of this tree! Don't they look good?"

"I know what you mean," said T. Tankhead. "I'm a little hungry, myself."

"But how can we get to them?" questioned Teeny. "They're way too high to reach, and turtles can't climb trees, you know. Maybe we could get a long ladder and put it in the tree. We could climb the ladder."

"Don't be silly," replied T. Tankhead Turtle. "That would be much too difficult. Old Tank has a better idea. We will get long poles that will reach up into the tree. Then we'll knock the beetle-nuts down."

"I don't know, Tank," Teeny replied. "Sometimes, difficult ways prove to be the easiest in the long run."

"Oh, hosh-posh!" exclaimed T. Tankhead. "Here, help me trim these branches."

T. Tankhead and Teeny removed the leaves from two long branches that they found on the ground nearby. Although the branches were sturdy, they were not long enough to reach to the top of the tree where the beetle-nuts hung abundantly.

"We can't touch the nuts," cried Teeny. "Why don't we go get a ladder?"

"Enough of such silly ideas," exclaimed T. Tankhead. "I have another brainstorm."

Tank tore off some twine-bush vines which were growing nearby. He fashioned them into a rope. He then coiled the vine-rope into a lasso, whirled it above his head, and tossed it up into the tree. The lasso settled neatly around the topmost branch.

"Now," T. Tankhead cried triumphantly,

"help me pull on the rope. We'll bend the tree right down to where we can reach the top branches and gather the nuts."

Teeny grabbed T. Tankhead around the waist, and they pulled . . . and they pulled . . . and they huffed . . . and they puffed. The tree slowly bent, bringing the branches down toward them. But soon, the pull became too strenuous.

"Tank," Teeny cried, "I can't hold onto you much longer! I'm slipping!"

And with that, Teeny let go.

TWANG! SNAP! ZIP! T. Tankhead, still holding to his vine-rope, was hurled high into the air, as the tree snapped upright. He was hurled right into the top branches. CRASH! WHAM! A shower of beetle-nuts fell to the ground.

A moment later, after Teeny had regained his composure, he called out, "Hey, Tank, while you are up there, how about throwing a few more nuts down to me?"

"Very funny," cried T. Tankhead, as he held on tightly to the swaying branch. "My life is in danger and you want more nuts!"

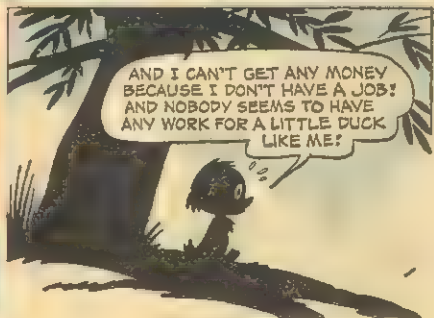
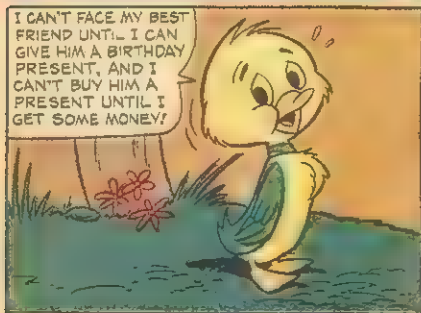
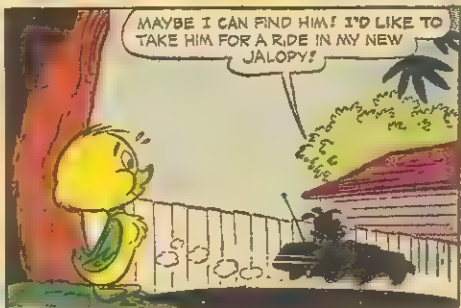
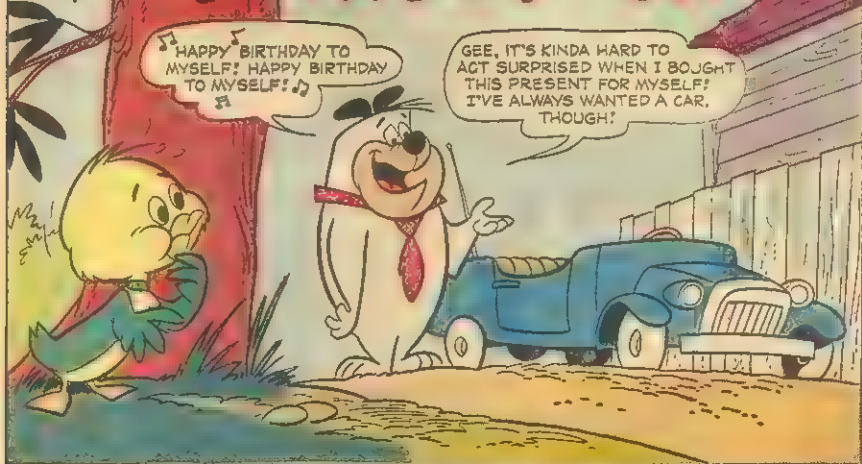
T. Tankhead Turtle finally managed to slide down the vine-rope to the safety of the ground.

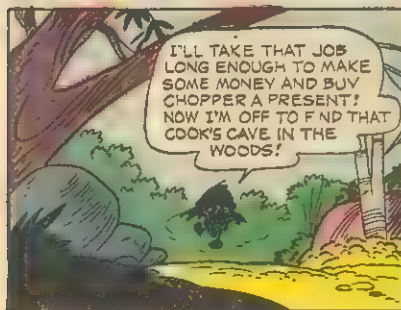
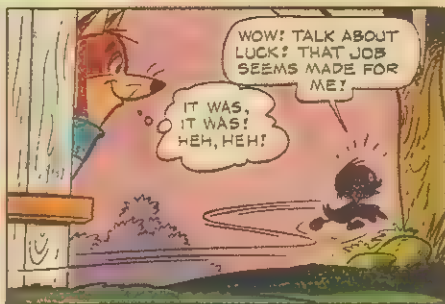
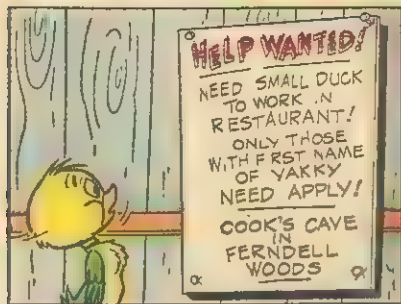
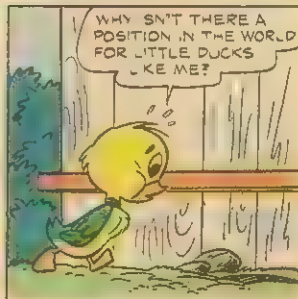
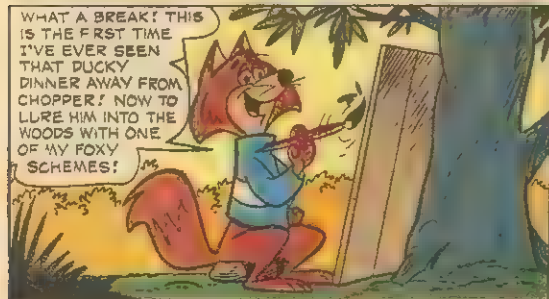
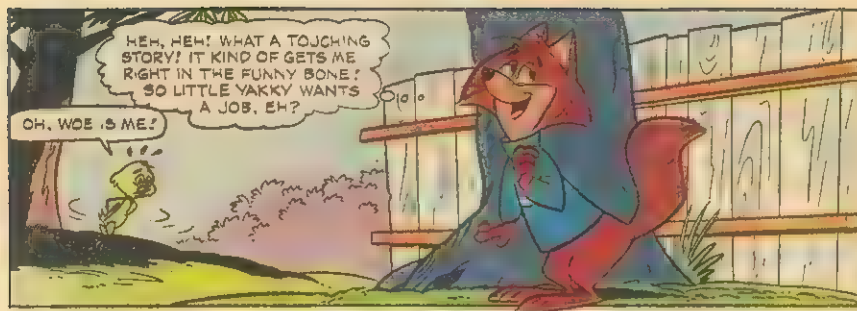
As Teeny helped his friend to a soft mound of grass beneath the tree, he exclaimed, teasingly, "Well, Tank, anyway you managed to get some very fine beetle-nuts for us to eat."

"But not the way I had planned, Teeny," T. Tankhead ruefully admitted. "You know, you were right about the more difficult way being the easiest way. But, one thing for sure . . . you can't say that I didn't put my whole self into the job of getting those beetle-nuts. I have bruises to prove it . . . beetle-nut bruises all over!"

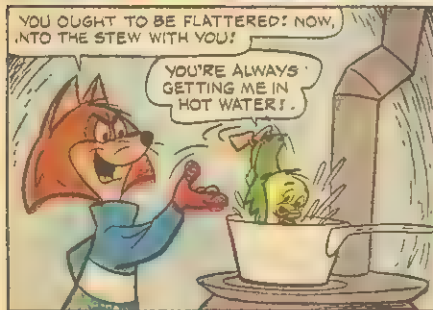
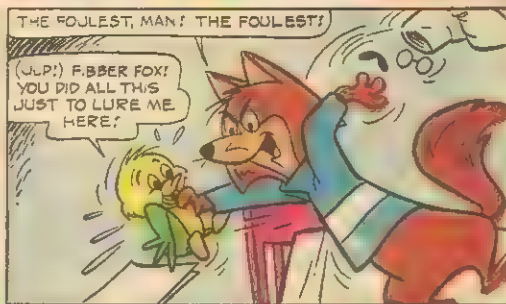
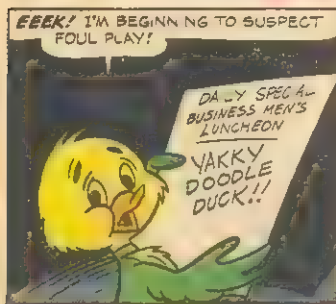
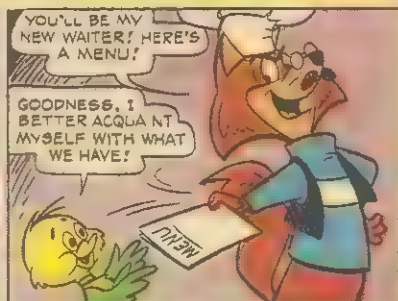
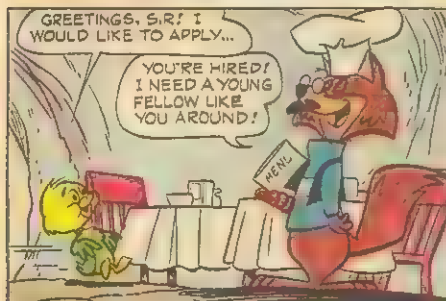
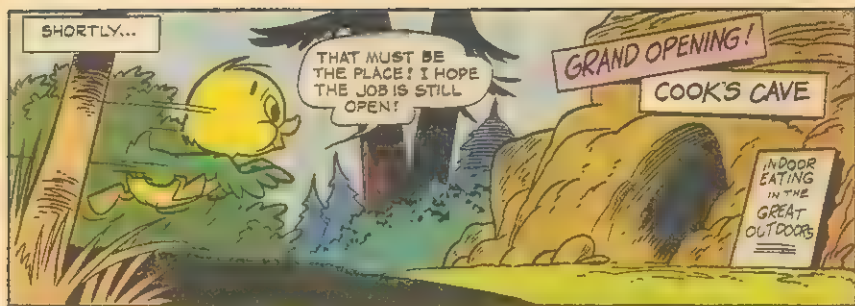


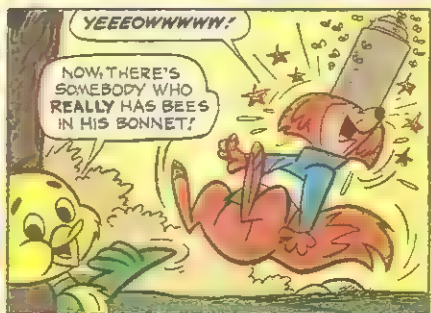
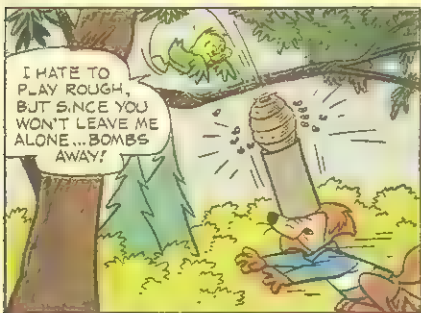
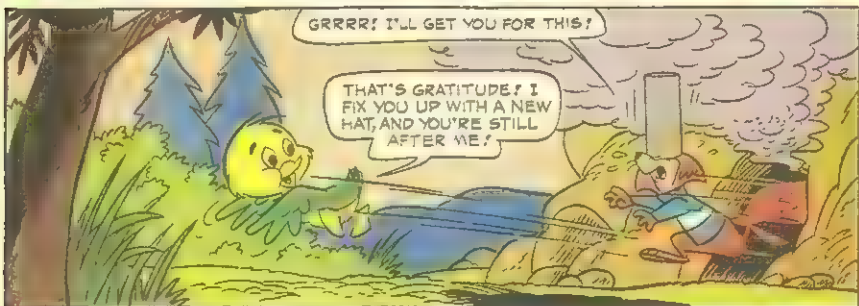
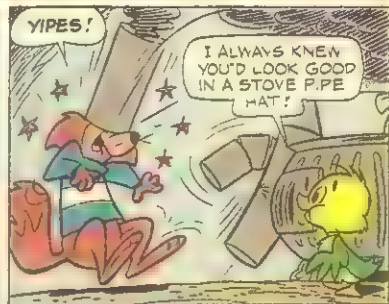
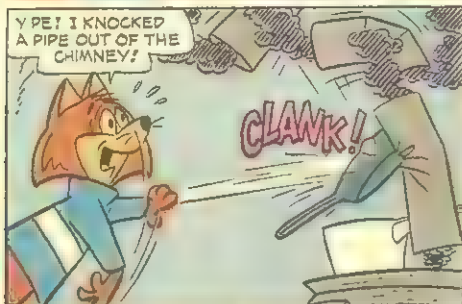
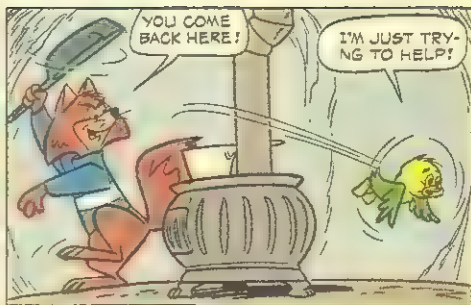
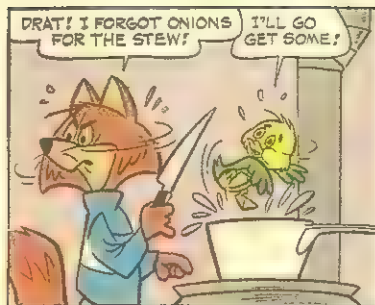
# the PERFECT GIFT



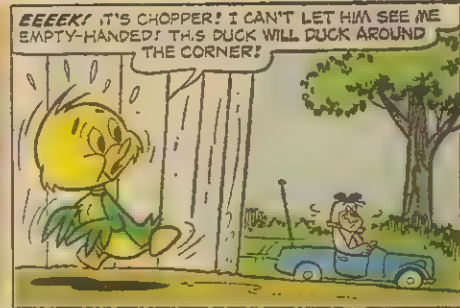
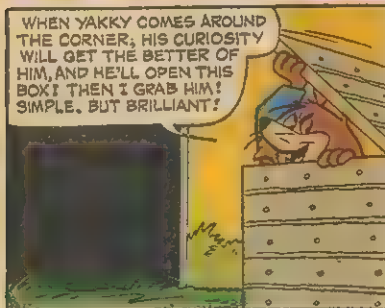
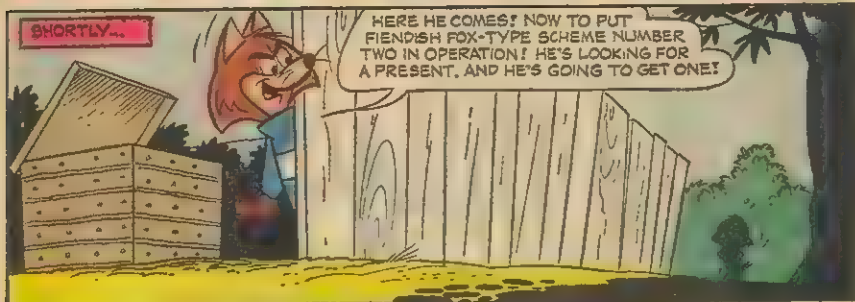
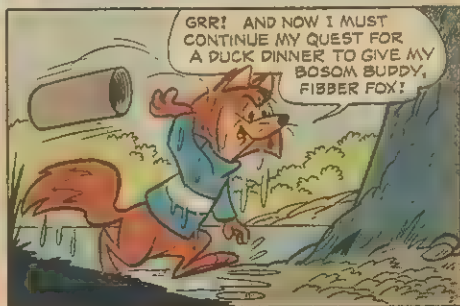
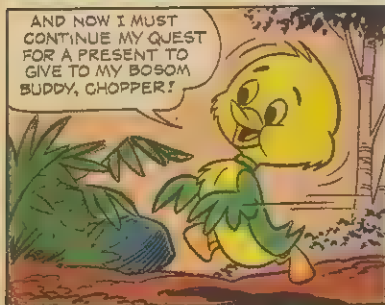
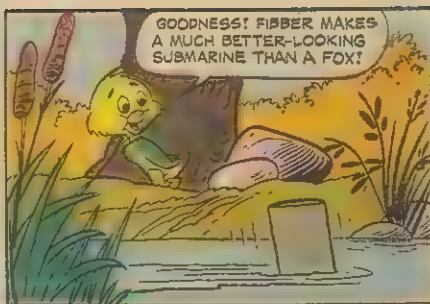
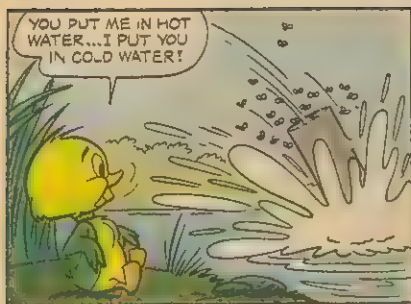


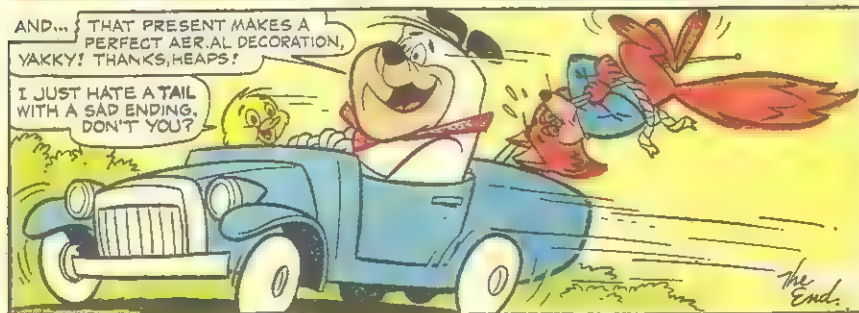
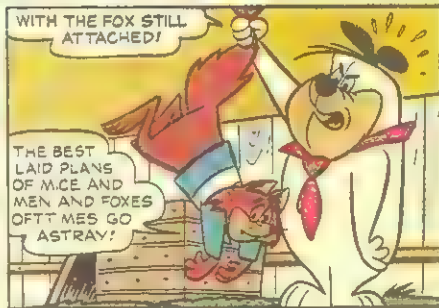
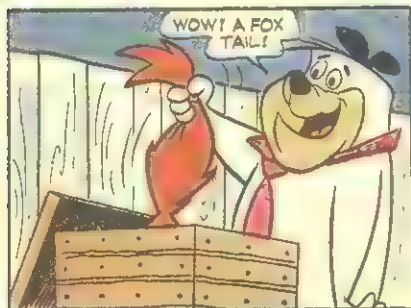
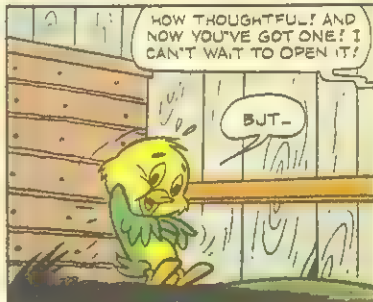
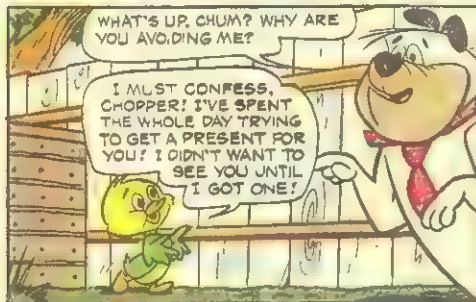
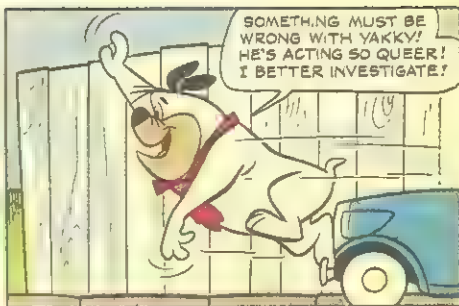
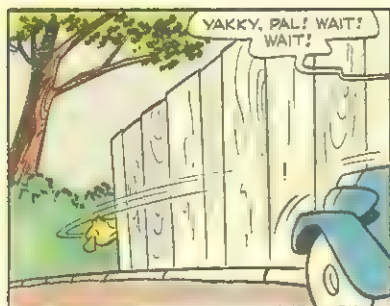










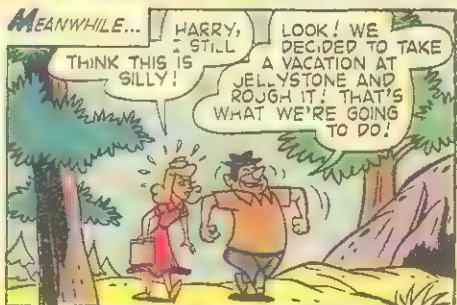
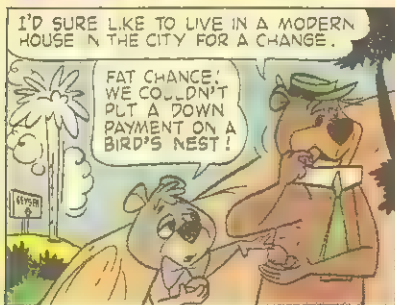
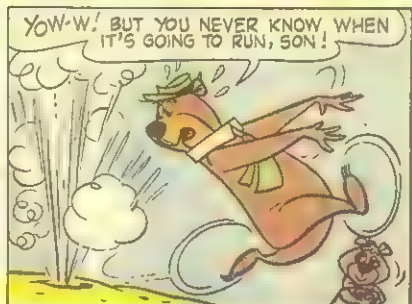
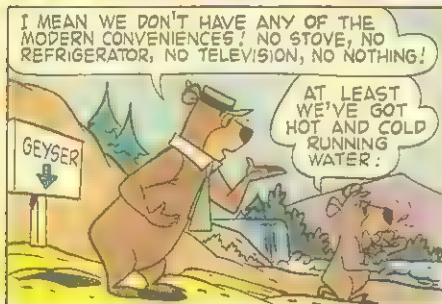
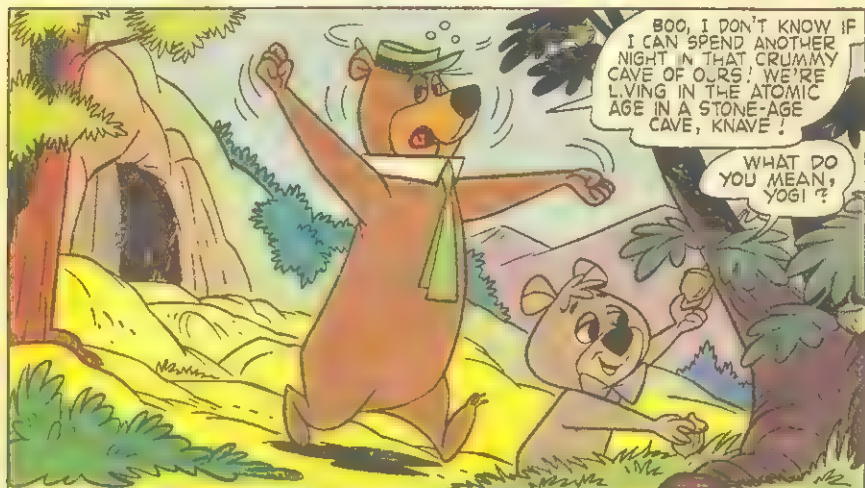




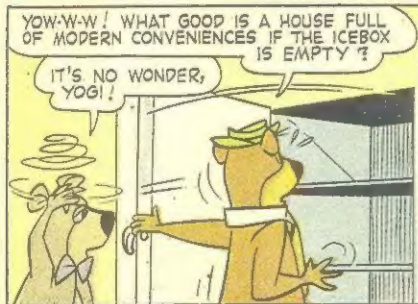
Hanna-Barbera

Yogi  
Bear

# SITTING PRETTY











I'M GLAD YOU REMINDED ME OF THAT! THAT MEANS WE CAN JUST TAKE IT ON THE LAM, SAM! WE'LL DUCK OUT THE BACKWAY! HEY-HEY-HEY!

EEEEK! AN ARMED ROBBER!

EEEEK! A VICIOUS PAIR OF BEARS!

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

THAT ROBBER WAS MORE AFRAID OF US THAN WE WERE OF HIM!

CRASH!

IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU! IF YOU STAND YOUR GROUND FIRMLY AND WITH COURAGE, A COWARD WILL ALWAYS BACK DOWN!

OH, BROTHER!

NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THAT COPS 'N' ROBBERS TELEVISION SHOW WE WERE WATCHING! BY THE TIME IT'S OVER, THE FOOD WILL BE UNFROZEN, I'M SUPPOSIN'!

SHORTLY...

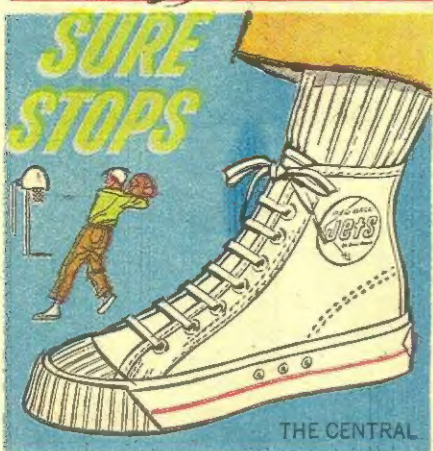
YEA! SLICK LACEY IS JUST ABOUT TO NAB THAT CROOK!

ALL RIGHT, UP WITH YOUR HANDS!

WOW! THIS SURE IS A SUPER SET! IT EVEN HAS STEREOPHONIC SOUND! THOSE VOICES SOUND LIKE THEY'RE RIGHT IN THE ROOM!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, YOGI! THEY ARE!





You're Jet propelled in Red Ball Jets. Thick, long-wearing, ground-grippin' soles get you off like a rocket... stop you on a dime anytime! And what comfort! Jets "Arch-Gard" cushions the foot, puts spring in your step. So if you play to win, play in JETS. Look for the Red Ball when you buy.

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